

BLUE QUILL

MARCH

1956

LIBRARY



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The Blue Quill

MAR., 1956

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This issue is dedicated by the BLUE QUILL staff to Miss Rena Harrell,
a devoted friend of Queens College.

Rena Chambers Harrell — A Portrait By A Faculty Member

To generations of Queens students Miss Rena Harrell is the only link with their college years. She is known to more Queens students than anyone ever connected with the college, for she has served the college longer than any member of the faculty and staff ever has. She is the one person returning alumnae always want to see, and she is the one whom alumnae chapters invite to speak to them. She is, in fact, *Queens* to many Queens students and alumnae.

Miss Harrell has given thirty-seven years of dedicated service to the college. A 1912 graduate of Queens, she returned to her alma mater in 1919 to teach English and to organize a library. Then in the spring of 1923 she was given a leave of absence so that she might work toward a Master's degree in English at the University of North Carolina. She obtained the degree in 1924. In 1926 she gave up teaching and devoted all of her time to serving as librarian, a position she has held since that year. Realizing the need of a degree in library science as the college became accredited, she devoted several summers to study in the Library School of Emory University, and earned an

A.B. degree in library science in 1943.

A dynamic individual, Miss Harrell has served the college faithfully and constructively. Chiefly through her efforts the library has grown from one with 1,000 volumes in 1919 to its present size of 31,700. For years she was the only librarian; but she could—and still can—find time among her many duties to go to the shelves to locate a book for a student or faculty member, or to assist in assembling material for a piece of research. And she has always been able to put her hand right on the book which had eluded the seeker, and find pleasure in doing so. She has found time even to advise students in organizing their work on term papers or preparing a daily report.

Miss Harrell is an ardent Anglophile. (At times she has been known to lapse into an Oxford accent when asking grace in the college dining hall—long one of her special duties—perhaps in the same spirit of reverence in which Coleridge's preacher father frequently introduced the Hebrew tongue into his sermons as the language of the Holy Ghost. Her love of England and her love of Queens prompted her in 1950,

when Belk Chapel was being built, to appeal to the British embassy in Washington to secure from the King of England a Bible for the chapel. She was successful in her efforts and, since the arrival of the gift, has guarded it most zealously and prayerfully. Her enthusiasm for England also prompted students and alumnae in 1953 to collect funds and send her to the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. And her reports on the grand occasion have been in demand by student and alumnae groups.

Miss Harrell's inimitable manner of expressing herself has made her book reviews special occasions for students. Her individual technique in teaching her one class in children's literature, which she has offered on alternate years, has made it one of the most popular courses on the campus. Her charitable, unselfish nature, her unique humor, her clever wit have endeared her year after year to the Queens family. Her place on the campus cannot really be filled, and she will retain a permanent place in the hearts of those with whom she has lived and worked. Her material and spiritual contributions to the college will remain a memorial to her. —L. A. T.

Organ To Be Installed

A new pipe organ is to be installed in September of 1956 in Belk Chapel, Dr. Edwin R. Walker has announced. A gift for the construction and installation of the organ has been made by the Belk associates, and a contract has been signed for the construction of it with the M. P. Moller Company.

The organ will include 2,500 pipes with forty-seven sets and chimes. It will have three manuals with five major divisions: Choir Organ, Swell Organ, Great Organ, Positive Organ, and Pedal Organ—with the Positive divisions being played from either the Choir or the Great manual. It is to be an organ of versatility, giving the advantages of a romantic type organ as well as of a classical one.

The organ will be a tremendous asset to the various phases of the life of the college. Its versatility will enable it to be effective at worship services as well

as at academic programs and recitals. It will also make possible an educational program for sacred music within the music department. It is hoped that this program will be in effect at the opening of the 1956-57 session.

The Belk Chapel, in which the organ is to be installed, was a gift of the Belk family and associates in honor of W. H. Belk and Dr. John M. Belk, founders of Belk Brothers stores. It was completed in 1950. Mrs. W. H. Belk is a Queens alumna and a member of the Board of Trustees.

Many steps and much work have gone into the preparation for this organ by Dr. Walker, Dean Sweet, Dr. Stegner, Mr. Morrison, and others. Plans were made in accordance with expectations of a fine, unusually beautiful organ. A dedicatory recital will be held after the installation of the organ during the Centennial year.

—C. H.

MUSIC NEWS

During this semester the Music Department is presenting many programs of interest to students and faculty.

On February 24 the Queens Madrigal Singers presented a group of fifteen and sixteenth century secular songs by Davidson. Also on the program were Miss Nancy Eagle, Mr. Melvin Sipson, and Dr. George Stegner. On February 28 the Queens College Choir, under the direction of Mr. John Holliday, sang with the Charlotte Symphony in Debussy's "Blessed Damosel," Soloists were Miss Herta Glaz of the Metropolitan Opera and Miss Mildred Crowder of Charlotte.

On March 4 some of the members of the choir went to Davidson and performed compositions by Philip Gehring and John Satterfield, both of Davidson. On March 16 the choir presented the chapel program. On April 16 they will leave

(Continued on page 9)

1956 Christian Re-emphasis Week



In picture left to right are: Libby Gunn, Dr. Lee Stoffel, Chess Duckwall.

Queens observed Christian Re-emphasis Week February 1-17. The speaker was Dr. Ernest Lee Stoffel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charlotte. Dr. Stoffel's subject was "Assurance and Challenge."

Each morning Dr. Stoffel spoke on one of the great challenges of the Bible and each evening on assurance. During the week the chapel was open every morning from 8:30 to 7:45, and students were urged to go at that time for private meditation. Students were also asked to bring their Bibles to the services and to read the scripture before each time in order to make Christian Re-emphasis Week more meaningful to them. On Wednesday afternoon at 4:00 an informal open house was held in Stultz living room. All students were invited to come. Many guest ministers, both Presbyterian and of other denominations, attended. Discussion groups were held in the south parlor of Burwell Hall at 8:00 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at 3:00 on Thursday afternoon. Students were encouraged to attend these meetings and participate in the discussions. Music was furnished each day by the Queens College Choir. Solos were presented during the week by Sophie Leventis, Susan Harpe, Judy Anderson, and Worth Spearman. Those desiring personal conferences with Dr. Stoffel arranged them through Chess Duckwall.

On Monday Dr. Stoffel's topic for chapel was "The Challenge of the Eternal." This consisted of a brief discussion of the burning bush and emphasized the fact that God confronts every person with power, love, and concern. The topic for the evening service was "The Assurance of the Eternal." By bringing out the chief aspects of *Isaiah* 40, Dr. Stoffel pointed out that God helps people live his way from day to day if they have complete faith in him. Tuesday morning's topic was "The Challenge of a Cross." At this time the main thought was that, although taking up the cross involves suffering, the reward and adventure make it worthwhile. The evening topic was "The Assurance of the Conqueror" and the theme was that no matter the depth of our denial, Christ waits for us with outstretched hands. The topic for Wednesday chapel was "The Challenge of Humanity." Dr. Stoffel pointed out that we must help people, not stop to theorize about who is responsible. Wednesday

evening's topic was "The Uniqueness of Christianity." The main idea centered around the fact that Christ's invitation, "Come unto me," has no boundaries to it. On Thursday morning Dr. Stoffel talked on "The Church of Christ." The speaker stated that to be a true Christian we have to witness by the example of faith in our lives. Thursday evening a communion service was held. The subject of Dr. Stoffel's message that evening was "A King Dies." The main theme was that, because Christ suffered in obedience to God, he was, and is, exalted. The service Friday morning at chapel closed the week's activities. The topic at this time was "The Assurance of Christ." The chief idea was that Christ is a disturbing and comforting influence in every age.

Dr. Stoffel is a graduate of King College, the University of Tennessee, and Union Theological Seminary. Among his past appointments have been instructor in New Testament and Greek at Union Seminary, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Maxton, North Carolina, and exchange minister to a church in Edinburgh, Scotland. He has been pastor of Charlotte's First Presbyterian Church since January, 1955. Dr. Stoffel is the author of the forthcoming book, *His Kingdom Is Forever*.

Much preparation and planning went into making Christian Re-emphasis Week a worthwhile experience. This was done under the leadership of Chess Duckwall, vice-president of Queens Christian Association. Not only were the mechanical aspects planned in great detail, but emphasis was also placed on ways to make effective its potential spiritual values.

Preparation opportunities for the student body and faculty included several different types of services. On the evenings of February 1 and 8 services were held in the hut at 6:30 to pray for the success of the plans and for the spiritual enlightenment of the students. The Thursday evening prayer meeting of February 9 also carried this theme. On Friday, February 10, chapel was devoted to the purpose and importance of Christian Re-emphasis Week. Dr. Chewning discussed the importance of this time for faculty and students, and Jean Truworth discussed the ways of making the most of this opportunity. At evening vespers on February 12 Dr. Walker spoke on the topic, "What a Student Should Get from Christian Re-emphasis Week."

—S. A. S.

Chapel Series is Planned

A special series of chapel services is now being conducted at Queens. The series includes five services held between Friday, February the twenty-fourth, and Friday, April the twentieth. The programs deal with the basic beliefs of different faiths and are designed to further the student's knowledge of the religious life surrounding him.

Scheduled are speakers representing the Unitarian, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant faiths.

The present chapel committee is composed of Carolyn Heffner, chairman, Betty Gray, Martha Stone, Jeanne Fleming, Ann Rowland, and Sharlene Morris. Miss Laura Tillett is the faculty adviser.

—C. H.

Second and Third Generation Queens Students



Many of those now enrolled at Queens College are second and third generation Queens students. Their grandmothers, mothers, and sisters attended either Queens College or Chicora College of Columbia, South Carolina, an institution which merged with Queens in 1930.

There are only three granddaughters in the student body. The great-grandmothers of Barbara Jane Currie, Mary Louise Jennings, and of Mary Ann Manning, Cornelia Adelaide Alexander, and the grandmother of Evelyn Copelan, Blanche Clinkscales Matlock were Queens students.

Worth Spearman is the only student at Queens who is both a son and a grandson of Queens alumnae. Both his mother, Mrs. W. W. Spearman (Mary Morris Reid), and his grandmother, Minnie Cuthbertson, attended the college.

Eight alumnae of Chicora College have daughters now at Queens. These Queens students of two generations are Mrs. W. J. Green (Wylma McCullough) and Peggy Green of Kingstree, South Carolina; Mrs. J. A. Christopher (Johnnie May McElveen) and Evelyn Christopher of Landrum, South Carolina; Mrs. C. W. Griffith (Lynn Durant) and Charlene Griffith of Manning, South Carolina; Mrs. G. M. Truluck (Emmie Dantzler) and Nancy Truluck of Orangeburg, South Carolina; Mrs. G. W. Williams, Jr. (Ruth McQuiston) and Ruth Williams of Valdese, North Carolina; Mrs. Helen G. Rose (Helen Gibbs) and Nancy Rose of Charlotte, North Carolina; Mrs. C. G. Gunn (Eliza Woodside) and Libby Gunn of Hot Springs, Arkansas; Mrs. M. B. Prince and Laura Prince of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Alumnae of Queens College and their daughters who are presently enrolled are: Mrs. F. M. Nash (Nancy Cather)

and Nancy Lee Nash of Rome, Georgia; Mrs. Holm Rolston (Mary Long) and Julia and Mary Jack Rolston of Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. R. E. Mason (Mary Moore Montgomery) and Mary Moore Mason of Roanoke, Virginia; Mrs. Cyrus H. Brooks (Merah Stamey) and Helen Brooks of Kannapolis, North Carolina; Mrs. H. B. Allen (Mary Faulkner) and Glenda Allen of Wadesboro, North Carolina; Mrs. Paul R. Ervin (Dorothy Denton) and Diana Ervin; Mrs. David W. Hicks (Daisy Wilson) and Daisy Hicks; Mrs. Walter N. Hobbs (Roberta Herrington) and Judith Hobbs; Mrs. Robert C. Hord (Mildred Thompson) and Harriet Hord; Mrs. W. H. Morrison (Sarah Spratt) and Susie Morrison; Mrs. Ruth A. Roberts (Ruth Alexander) and Sandra Roberts; Mrs. W. B. McSwain and Mrs. Marvin Sipe (Elaine McSwain), all of Charlotte, North Carolina.

There are also many students whose sisters are Queens alumnae. There are Martha Laird, Bertha Hamilton, Shipp, Jessie Scott, Julia Mitchell, Charlene Griffith, Hannah Barron, Lily Thompson, Mary Brown, Rachel Biggs, Betty Grier, Marie Dowd, Judith Anderson, Frances I. Armon, Jean Miller, Marilyn Miller, Iris Phillips, Mildred Plonk, Carolyn York, Elizabeth McLeod, and Theron Hinton.

—B. W. I.

Pst!

BUCK SPEARMAN

Pencil poised, I ponder powdered phrases
Saying such sonorous, soaring sounds
That this thick thought theemth thoroughly thtupid.

MISS HARRELL — *Our Librarian, Adviser, and Friend*

Miss Rena Harrell has catalogued 32,000 books for our library; she daily has asked grace in the dining hall; she has obtained from the late George VI of England a Bible for Belk Chapel; she has given her time and service to everyone here at school—but she has done much more. She has become a symbol of Queens to many persons connected with the college.

The birthplace of Miss Harrell is near Carthage, North Carolina. She spent her grade-school and high-school years, however, in Charlotte and in South Carolina. Her father was a Presbyterian minister, a fact which accounts for the family's frequent moves. Rev. Harrell was a member of the first committee from Mecklenburg Presbytery when the Charlotte Female Institute came under church control. The institution became Presbyterian Female College. At the time of this change, Rev. Harrell was pastor of Williams Memorial Presbyterian Church, which is near Charlotte. The father of Laura Prince, a freshman, is presently pastor of this church.

Miss Harrell describes her childhood as an unhappy one because of the prevalence of much illness. It was during one of these illnesses, however, that Miss Harrell started her first library. Peep shows made in shoe boxes were in fashion then. She took one of these boxes and put pins up through the bottom and "catalogued" cough remedies on the points. This was at the age of twelve. She learned to read much earlier—in fact, she does not remember when she could not read at least some words. She would hold the *Charlotte Observer* up to the window and ask her father questions until she was able to carry on alone. This intellectual curiosity is an inherent part of Miss Harrell and has never been satisfied.

Her first impression of Queens came when she was twelve years old. Miss Harrell remembers walking in the balcony of the auditorium, which she explains was similar to Ninness Auditorium. She states that the entire physical plant of the college at the time she was a student here was not much larger than Burwell Hall is today. The teacher-student relationships were excellent. Kindness and personal attention were given to all by the instructors. There was no library and little equipment, but Miss Harrell reveals that Queens did a good job with what was had."

The life of Miss Harrell not only is interesting in itself but also is an example for us to follow. She has worked hard for the things she loves and for the people who have won her respect. She has devoted much of her life to a study of England and counsels us to "project ourselves mentally" into fields which might bring us as much satisfaction. In 1953 the Queens student body and alumnae sent her to the Coronation, a trip she never tires of recounting to others. Previously she had taken a continental tour and done research in the British Museum. Of London Miss Harrell says that "it is as still as death with two million people." The city is not a dangerous place for women who are alone, as are many American cities. She states, "I have never been afraid there." In bed every night she reads something about England—her genuine love growing with her.



Out of a sincere love for Queens students Miss Harrell offers her advice and her philosophy of life as a guide to all young ladies. She has found that women do not have physical strength, from her own golf experiences, but that women can obtain enough "sophistication to care for themselves intellectually and socially." She believes that we should make our lives a continual growth. To mature to an economic independence, a point Miss Harrell emphasizes, to become self-reliant, self-protective, keen, and to be sympathetic in our understanding of others is advice well worth our heeding. Miss Harrell then concludes that "woman should come out best."

—P. W.

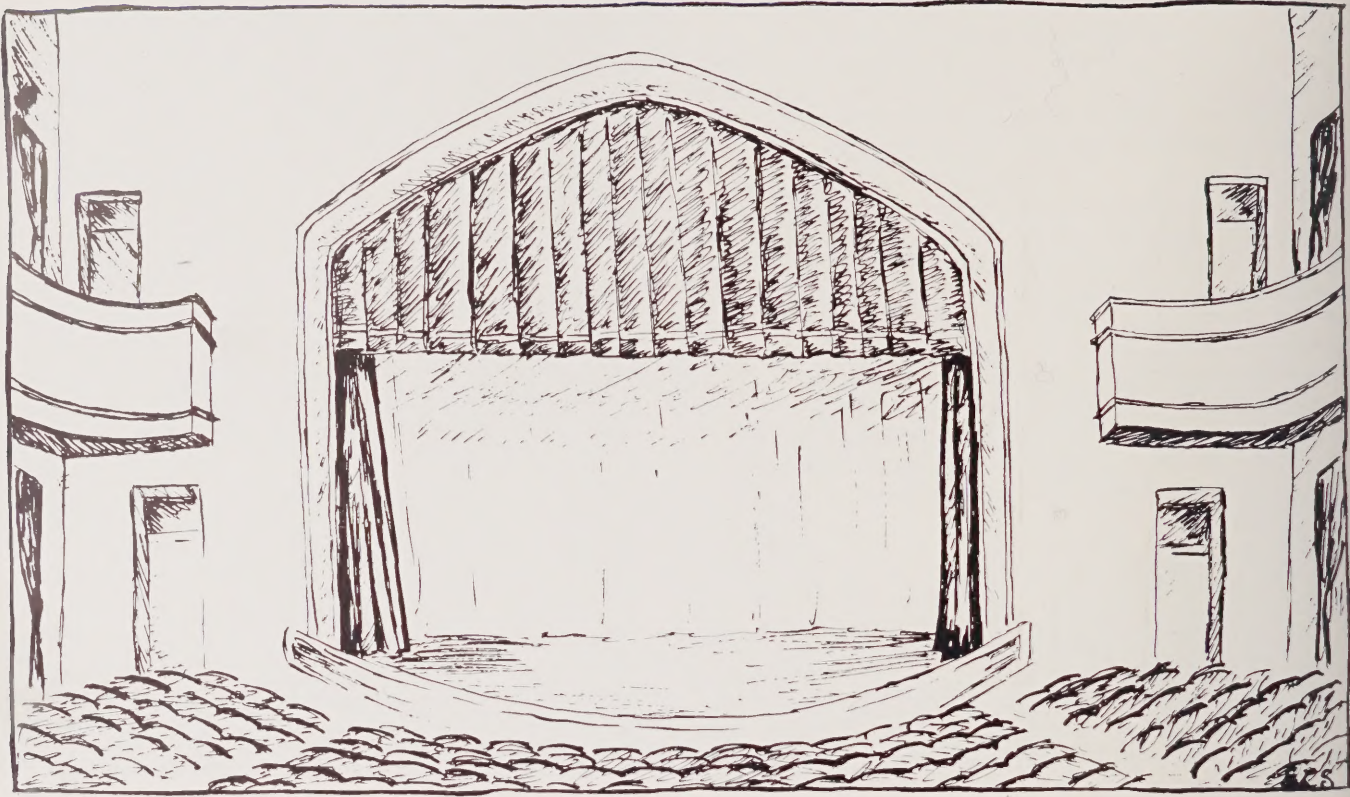
Moon Blush

BARBARA KELCA

The arch of night hung over head
With diamonds flung upon its breast.
The moon's most brilliant beams were shed
And sparkled 'bout the happy crest.
Toward the moon there came a cloud;
So small . . . a mist of silvery hush.
It crept upon the goddess proud,
Then clothed her face in modest blush.

THE BLUE QUILL—7

Redecoration of Ninniss



Several patrons of Queens are financing the redecoration of Ninniss Auditorium. This work was begun during the Christmas holidays and was completed last month.

The students learned of this project at the first Wednesday assembly of the new year. Peggy Brice introduced Dr. Walker, who told the students that the changes which they were viewing were only the beginning of a series of alterations that were designed to make Nin-

niss more attractive and, thereby, more useful. He told them that, in addition to the painting, the draperies, and the stage curtains, there would soon be new carpeting and cushioned seats.

The color scheme, which is in shades of blue, is carried out in the stage curtains, the draperies, and the painting of the entire auditorium. The gray carpeting blends with these shades of blue. A terra-cotta-colored stripe around the stage provides contrast.

These plans for redecoration were designed and executed by Mr. H. H. Everett, Mr. E. G. Stellings, and Dr. Walker. The painting, the refinishing of the floor, and the new seats were a gift of Miss Fannie Armstead Burwell Wood and Miss Louisiana Gibson Wood. The window drapes were made possible through the generosity of D. M. Spadden, and the stage curtains were a gift of the class of 1952.

—S. D.

Evening College News

Queens Evening College work is under way for second semester. As in previous years the courses are divided into four groups or phases. There are some courses which carry college credit. Those people taking these courses will receive regular college credit counted toward graduation or which is transferable to another college for credit toward graduation. Most of the people who take the college credit courses are teachers who are renewing their certificates or men and women who are temporarily away from their schools but who want to continue work toward graduation.

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The business and industrial courses are attended by employees of various industries located in the Charlotte area. Each year there are approximately fifty industries that participate in this phase of the college work. Their employees attend these classes as a part of their in-service training. Some of the industries offer full or part scholarships to their employees to induce them to attend these classes. The classes are directed toward the training and supervisory levels of industrial work. Courses in human relations, industrial sociology, salesmanship, and labor-law interpretations are offered.

The classes which are termed cultural are very popular. The Great Books class always draws a large enrollment, as does the class on music appreciation. Mr. John Holliday teaches the music class, and various members of the faculty discuss the books for the Great Books class with Dr. Harris Chewning serving as chairman and organizer of the course.

This semester the courses in recreation and general information are drawing large crowds. A swimming class for adults who are beginners is attended by a large crowd of both men and women. The Ceramics Enameling class was so popular that several people had to be turned away from it.

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My Favorite Employer

SYLVIA STUART

During my sophomore and junior years I worked for a person who has proved to be my favorite employer. She is one of the most familiar figures at Queens College. This individual is present at all hours of the day working in the library, running to the chapel, and ringing the bell to say grace at mealtime. In all these activities everyone knows that she is applying her guiding principle—thinking first of others. Thus anyone associated with Queens will know that my favorite employer is Miss Rena Harrell, the librarian.

An accurate description of Miss Harrell is difficult to give because she is a unique person. This little lady is fascinating in her dress. Her hands are always enhanced by bright nail polish. Often she will accent a dress by a startling rhinestone pin in the shape of a Scottish thistle. Her gray bobbed hair frames her sad, expressive eyes, which look at the world through rimless spectacles. But Miss Harrell's bearing is the most arresting feature of her appearance. She carries herself in a very erect and noble manner. Her movements are swift and give one the impression of independence and self-confidence—both of which are definite characteristics of this person.

The physical appearance of Miss Harrell is not, however, so important as her personality. At first some people are intimidated by her. Freshmen are often frightened by the outbursts of loud instructions or reprimands which she gives. As the students soon learn, however, that she is perfectly harmless and in reality kind and thoughtful.

The chief allegiance of Miss Harrell is to England. She has visited the British Isles three times. From her short period of living there she developed a decided British accent. She keeps up with the affairs of the royal family as avidly as American baseball fans watch the World Series. Some of the faculty members tease Miss Harrell about her interest in England. When Queen Elizabeth is expecting her first child, a professor, trying to catch the librarian off guard, asked, "Well, Miss Harrell, what will she be?" She immediately replied, "A boy, of course!"

The students and alumnae sent her to England for the Coronation of Elizabeth II in 1953. I shall never forget her departure from the entrance of Bur-

well Hall. She was dressed in a conservative and quite British-looking suit with a carnation corsage pinned at her shoulder. As the news photographer snapped her picture, Miss Harrell held high in the air the umbrella which was a going-away present from the German professor and gave one of her rare smiles. The account of the trip was one of the highlights of my sophomore year. She began in a typical fashion: "I'm sure that I was the only person at the Coronation wearing orthopedic shoes!"

Next to her devotion to England, Miss Harrell is devoted to her vocation, library science. Books are like children to her. This fact is noticed in the way which she handles a book. It is almost as if she were fondling a little child. She is tender and loving in the care of all her books and extremely particular with old valuable editions. These volumes are wrapped in paper and locked in a special room. Miss Harrell expects students to be as careful with library books as she. And when a book is missing, she practically demands that a major search of the campus be made. Not until the book is found does she rest.

I know that Miss Harrell is the best employer whom I will ever have. Concern for the welfare of the girls who work for her is only one of Miss Harrell's good qualities. She is not only interested in the girls' progress in their studies, but she also thinks of their health. A familiar remark to me before leaving the library for the night was: "Dear, get out your blanket tonight. It is going to be forty-two degrees in Philadelphia."

Every Queens student has contact with Miss Harrell many times during the day. In the dining room her penetrating voice says grace at each meal. A daily sight is watching her run to Belk chapel to see that the Bible which King George VI of England presented to the college is properly cared for. To Miss Harrell the Bible is one of the prized possessions of the college. And, of course, she can always be found in the library. Thus she is indeed present in the regular routine of college life.

This delightful person has become to me like a permanent fixture at Queens. She has been here as student, professor, and librarian for over forty years. Her lovable character has endeared her to the hearts of everyone. In later years I

shall always remember Queens College and Miss Rena Harrell as being synonymous.

New Board Member

Mrs. Curtis B. Johnson, former publisher of the *Charlotte Observer*, was elected a trustee of Queens College at a meeting of the Board of Trustees on December 16, 1955. She will fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Torrence E. Hemby. Mrs. Johnson will serve until the meeting next summer of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina when trustees will be elected. The board will nominate her then for a full three-year term.

A native of Mecklenburg County, Mrs. Johnson's first husband was Dr. A. A. McGeachy, a Presbyterian minister in Charlotte. Dr. McGeachy was a member of the Board of Trustees of Queens College for more than twenty years.

In August, 1953, Mrs. Johnson was elected president and chairman of the board of directors of the *Charlotte Observer*, a position her husband, the late Curtis B. Johnson, had held from 1924 to 1950. Mrs. Johnson remained president until the paper was sold.

Mrs. Johnson is an alumna of Queens, having graduated from the Presbyterian College for Women, the predecessor of the present college. She now lives at 2225 Pembroke Avenue in Charlotte.

—S. C.

MUSIC NEWS

(Continued from page 4)

on tour with concerts in South Carolina and Georgia. Mr. Sipe will present a concert late in March.

Two Inter-college Chamber Music Guild concerts will be presented in March and May. Also in May the Charlotte Opera Association will present *Aida*. Mr. Sipe is conductor of orchestra for the Opera Association.

Other dates for recitals and lectures will be announced later.

—J. M.

EDITORIALS

Tribute to Miss Harrell

This year is the last one of active duty for a person who has served Queens for much of her lifetime. Every student, every staff and faculty member, every worker connected with the college has come in contact with this individual—Miss Rena Harrell.

Miss Harrell truly exemplifies the spirit of Queens. As student, professor, and librarian, she has revealed her belief that our college is more than a group of buildings in which learning takes place; that Queens is an institution which aims at producing well-rounded, mature, Christian individuals. The constant work of Miss Harrell from early morning until after ten at night reminds each of us that here is one who has not only believed in Queens but has wholeheartedly toiled for its betterment. Thus our motto "Non ministrari sed ministrare" is certainly applicable to this person.

The entire college family, therefore, wishes to express its sincere appreciation and love to Miss Rena Harrell, a dear friend and champion of Queens.

—S. S.

A Charge to New Leaders

To the newly elected officers of the Queens student body we offer congratulations. You have been recognized as outstanding among your fellow students. You have been chosen by your fellow students to lead them, represent them, and serve them.

You have been elected because, in the eyes of your fellow students, you possess those qualities which they deem necessary for good leadership. They have elected you because they recognize your capabilities and because they have confidence in those capabilities and in your ability to serve your college competently in the capacity which you have been chosen to fill.

In the leaders whose places you take you have excellent examples to follow and high standards to continue to uphold. But you have high standards to follow not only in your former leaders but also in yourself. You would not have been elected if you had not already demonstrated appreciable qualities of leadership and competence in former duties performed and minor offices held. Because these qualities have been recognized by your fellow students, they have placed their confidence in you to continue to uphold them. The eyes of the Queens students will be on you as you perform your various duties and to you as you lead and serve them.

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Yours is the privilege and the responsibility of performing these tasks with pride and confidence and in such a way that all will respect you and you will respect yourself.

—C. M.

Thank You, Miss Black

Even a quick glance into the Hut these days tells a revealing story of generosity on the part of Miss Elizabeth Black, to whom we are indebted for recent additions to the usefulness and attractiveness of the living room. Falling sparks, sliding logs, and even stubborn matches now cease to be a problem, and the fireplace boasts a "new face" as well—thanks to a wrought iron and brass fireplace screen, andirons, fireside set, and hearth lighter. The picture completed by a brass planter on the mantel. Opportunities for fun and pleasure are unlimited, especially with the promise of the future addition of a pottery coffee set, or benefactor's final touch of liberality.

Since October, the Christian Association cabinet has come to know Miss Black officially as an advisor, and personally as a friend who is willing and self-giving—a wonderful addition to QCA and to the entire Queens family. Thank you, Miss Black!

—C. B.

Appreciation

Ninniss Auditorium has undergone a much-needed facelift, and everybody on Queens' campus is pleased with the results. The staff, faculty, and students wish to express appreciation to those people who have made the improvements possible. The stage curtain was a gift from the graduating class of 1952. For the painting, the refinishing of the floors, and the new seats we owe our thanks to Miss Fannie Armistead Burwell Wood and Miss Louisiana Gibson Wood who presented their gift in honor of the Reverend and Mr. A. D. P. Gilmour. The window curtains were given through the generosity of Mr. D. M. McSpadden. The Belk family gave a new organ, and a Steinway piano was purchased from a gift that had been made by Mr. Luther Snyder, former trustee of the college. Mr. H. H. Everett and Mr. E. G. Stellings designed and carried out the whole plan for redecoration. To these patrons Queens expresses its sincerest appreciation.

—M. A.

THE PLATFORM

A Second Term for Eisenhower

ROXANA MEBANE

In our nation there are more than a few men who have certain attributes that will rank them as Presidential material. Therefore, I shall not attempt to show that other candidates for the position of President are not qualified to fill the position; for let us hope that we are not just one year away from failure; but I will discuss why another four years under Mr. Eisenhower would be the best decision for our voters to make if he chooses to run. Let me present my argument by showing that he has proved himself and is proving himself through his policies. Five of these I will enumerate.

First let us look at his personal policy because this is a little different from the others that will follow, though certainly it is all important. Mr. Eisenhower is a man of deep spiritual faith, integrity, intelligence and gentlemanliness. At no time has he been involved in issues which were not best for our nation. He has stood head and shoulders above any incidents to which he could not give a feasible explanation. Of course, I am not saying that good character should alone qualify a man for the Presidency. That would be a foolish suggestion, but a man must have this basic qualification upon which to build other achievements.

From this start let us go on to his other policies. Second his labor policy. It is high time that labor be check-reined. Union workers are beginning to expect things for which they will not work. A labor worker who works eight hours a day and five days a week wonders why he does not receive the same financial benefits as the professional man I know who works sixteen to eighteen hours a day and every day of the week. Labor's workers should be given every advantage, but in many ways the unions are preventing the initiative. Keeping a man from working a certain place or from working but a certain amount of time destroys potentialities and molds this individual into a fixed position. If the unions are allowed to rule business, less benefits will be received by labor and by our country. Big business is not owned by a few. Every stockholder in our nation is a part of it. It is big business that puts money into the pockets of the workers; and it is big business that has helped our nation through such things as funds to higher education. Of course, some will argue that these funds are deductible from income tax, but the fact remains that hundreds of schools will be providing a better education of their students because of gifts such as those of the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations.

Labor should want the individual to profit. This is one of Mr. Eisenhower's aims as stated in January in his State of the Union address. This was also his reason for veto of the Natural Gas Bill. Mr. Eisenhower said that too many people of lower incomes were tied to using gas because they could not afford to buy new appliances. If labor unions are interested in the individual then they should be interested in Mr. Eisenhower for a second term. The President wants labor unions, but he wants them controlled that they may best help the individual.

Third, let us look at his military policy. I think that all of us will agree that he would best know our military needs

(Continued on page 12)

In Defense of Adlai Stevenson

ELAINE MATALAS

The thirty-fifth President of the United States faces superhuman tasks. He must lead the free nations in suppressing Communism in Asia and the Middle East, a task which the Eisenhower administration has failed to do. He must create new unity with our alliance in the West which, in the last three years, has suffered greatly. He must maintain the forward momentum of domestic economy and therefore keep the confidence of business. He cannot, as Eisenhower did, reserve a surface tranquillity by ignoring the mounting challenge of financial and industrial mergers, of falling farm income, and of respect of schools, roads, slums, and social services. The thirty-fifth President of the United States must provide much more active political leadership than we have at present, and at the same time he must be the guardian of our national unity.

This year we are faced with the problem of selecting this thirty-fifth President. And now once again Adlai Stevenson of Illinois is the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He is a cautious man with great appeal to the West; the choice of the working man; and the favorite of professional politicians. Stevenson, a man of great integrity, is complicated, aloof, and in no sense of the word an image of the traditional statesman. Yet he commands great loyalty and trust from his increasing admirers.

The lifelong Democrat, the independent whose numbers grow each year, the indifferent who voted for Eisenhower because it was time for a change, lean toward Stevenson today, believing that when he went down in defeat in 1953, he raised a new standard of honesty and trustworthiness. The national hero who won the election in 1952 is not favored this year, for he has shown his weakness. Therefore, the door to the White House seems wide open.

There are two demands upon the man in the White House, and the first is that he possess the insight and the courage to set aside false objectives. He must also realize that the people's best interest may be at variance with the people's will. In this respect Dwight Eisenhower has been a weak President. He brought no important economic and social ideas to the White House. He did not work in complete harmony with his fellow Republicans.

(Continued on page 12)

Belk's Plea for a Walkway

Soon the March winds will be upon us and then lovely April with her welcome showers which bring May flowers. To most girls this means spring, but to Belk Dorm this means only a sea of mud, an ocean of water and many ruined shoes.

We understand that a paving program is going into effect this summer. This is excellent, and we are happy to learn of this fact; but we feel that we simply cannot wait that long. This is a pressing problem. We will wait upon the cement, but we must have something immediately—flagstones, boards, or anything that is not absorbent and "sloshy."

If there is a scarcity of labor, then we will do the job ourselves if the material is provided. Believe us of Belk Dorm when we say we're desperate!

—Patsy Smith

SECOND TERM FOR EISENHOWER

(Continued from page 11)

and best understand what is to be done about these needs. His idea of our military development and defense was shown through his recent answer when questioned about a certain senator's accusation that the United States is far behind Russia in the science of guided missiles. Mr. Eisenhower stated that it is probably true that Russia is ahead of us in some aspects, but certainly we are ahead in others. He explained that we are limited in research because of the lack of scientists and because there are only so many channels that can be pursued. Also he showed that too many demands on the scientific pools would cause people to get in the way of each other and thus make more confusion than advance. There is no doubt that he is a military authority. Besides strengthening our country militarily, he wants to assure our international position through more pacts with other countries. His experience in the European countries after the war not only has made him intelligent about their problems and respected by the people but also has made him aware of our defense needs.

Fourth, let us look at his farm policy. Mr. Eisenhower is against rigid price supports for the reason that they amass such a great surplus. Secretary of Agriculture Benson has said that it is these surpluses that depress the farmer's market and really lie behind the farm problem. Not only does the surplus depress the market but the storage for this surplus costs the government one million dollars a day.

It is unfortunate that the small farmers must suffer during this transition; but unless the change is made, the farmer's produce will never yield profits equal to his work. Mr. Eisenhower realizes the farmer's position in this situation. Therefore, he is planning a soil-bank program. Through this program the farmers will be paid to plant soil-rebuilding crops where they have previously raised surplus crops. This plan will serve a three-fold purpose; for it will develop the soil, cut down on surplus crops, and put one billion dollars into the farmers' pockets next year.

Fifth, let us look at his conservative policy. Actually, this factor is one that is involved in his other policies. When Mr. Eisenhower went into office he was faced with a budget of 78.5 billion dollars which the previous administration had set for the fiscal year 1953-1954. His Budget Director Dodge sliced 10.8 billion off this budget; and if things continue to run at the same rate as they are now running, the budgets for the fiscal years '55-'56 and '56-'57 will be the first to balance in the past nine years.

Involved with the budget problems is the income-tax issue. Mr. Eisenhower is against lowering these taxes unless it can be done without unbalancing the budget or hampering government policies and development. However, if income-tax cuts are possible, Mr. Eisenhower wants them to first come from the middle and higher income brackets; for it was from these incomes that extra taxes last came to meet the Korean emergency. He feels "we should come down the way we came up." Through his conservatism Mr. Eisenhower is not saving from the nation but saving for the nation.

In summary of my discussion, let me remind you of two things. First, Mr. Eisenhower's policies are known as the "long haul." He has not yet had time to get some of his forces in full operation nor have some of his programs been given the proof of time. Second, besides carrying out his policies, a President must be able to meet unexpected situations which arise during his term of office. For instance, during his four years, Mr. Eisenhower has had to meet the

problems which resulted from the Supreme Court ruling on segregation in the schools. In so doing he has had to understand the South's position in this issue and at the same time approach the problem objectively in respect to the entire nation. This he has done.

If Mr. Eisenhower chooses to run, and he will only if he knows he will be able to give his every ability to the job, he must be again selected to serve our country.

IN DEFENSE OF STEVENSON

(Continued from page 11)

Stevenson, on the other hand, is plainly able and determined to resist what he knows to be wrong. Stevenson is bred to look for ways of creating harmony between hostile nations. His first undertaking after his 1952 defeat was to reacquaint himself with the world overseas. This first-hand knowledge which Stevenson has recently acquired has strengthened his foreign policy, for he has obtained a very vivid picture of the pressing world situation. Stevenson's foreign policy is to avoid war by talking and listening; in this way he hopes for greater coalition of world powers. In order that coalition be successful, Stevenson believes that we must give and take, co-operate, consult, and respect the rights and opinions of others.

Stevenson, a firm advocate of education, believes that the states and local communities should be held responsible for all of the education shortages; whatever is further necessary to meet the educational needs should be taken from the taxes we collect from ourselves. He believes that it may be best to give funds to the states on a per pupil basis. State governments would then have greater flexibility to distribute these funds among local school districts for whatever purpose would most effectively advance education. Stevenson has stated that the essence of good education remains with good teaching. Therefore, he definitely wishes to advance the status of the teacher.

Stevenson has proposed a plan for improving public health. It is extremely important that there be a people's program for their health. It is, Mr. Stevenson reasons, necessary to assure the distribution of medical service on a basis of the need of it, and to remove the fear that if sickness strikes, it will wipe out every cent of savings. He is also interested in allotting more money for research and for those who enter the medical profession. Mr. Stevenson is absolutely right in taking such a great interest in health, for a nation stricken with illness cannot hope to rise above her oppressors.

Farming is an essential industry; it must be preserved and encouraged. We must realize the danger of surpluses and unbalanced production. The constructive farm policy of Stevenson includes the transference of unneeded grain acreage into conservation uses. Stevenson wishes to build up our soil resources for the future, use our abundance as an instrument of foreign policy abroad, and to create larger markets and more purchasing power for farm products.

The thirty-fifth President, if he is to do what the time demands of him, will have to fight for issues and to execute them. He must be able to give life and vitality to his projects and to hold the complete support of his party. He must be a statesman in every sense of the word. The world is sitting on a keg of dynamite; the least misunderstanding could very easily ignite the fuse of this keg. In our own country the status is one of confusion and anxiety. Who will the people choose to lead them through this period? Will it be Adlai Stevenson—a man of high ideals, intellectual integrity, and diplomacy?

QUEENS QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTION: *Who is your candidate for the 1956 presidential election?*



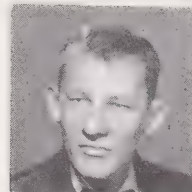
Mr. Stevens:

Adlai Stevenson—first, because he and most Democrats are more liberal than Eisenhower Republicans; second, because Stevenson seems capable of achieving more party unity than other Democratic candidates.



Mr. Braun:

Assuming that both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson will be nominated, I should favor Mr. Eisenhower, despite the fact that I prefer the stand of the Democratic party on most domestic issues. I believe that in the realm of foreign policy there may be, of necessity, little difference between the two candidates; however, Mr. Eisenhower has acquired sufficient popularity and prestige abroad to make him the more valuable factor.



Mr. Forsythe:

I would prefer Mr. Stevenson and the Democratic party because I feel that their positions on public power and labor and like domestic issues are closer to mine. I would doubt that, as between Mr. Eisenhower (assuming that he will run) and Mr. Stevenson there would be very much difference on the foreign policy issues.



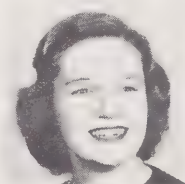
Roxana Mebane:

For the next United States President Eisenhower. Past experience best qualifies him to realize and to carry through plans concerning international relations which are of supreme importance at this time. To interrupt his administration will make useless a promising program which has not yet been given the proof of time.



Jane Kluttz:

My candidate for the 1956 election is Mr. Eisenhower because I believe that he has risen above party politics, and he is not dependent on any one group to support him. He is an individual of the highest character, integrity, and sincerity—qualities which are certainly needed in our chief executive.



Martha Stone:

Eisenhower—because he is humble, clean, and honest; has a vision for world peace; is respected in diplomatic circles of the world; and holds the admiration of the majority of the American people.

Basketball Tournament

The basketball tournament between classes began on Monday night, February 27, when the freshmen played the sophomores. The following Tuesday night, February 28, the juniors played the seniors. On March 1 the winners of these two games competed for the basketball championship.

Another event which took place in the sports line was the basketball tour-

namment between sororities. The first game was held Monday, March 5, at 4:30 o'clock with Chi Omega playing Alpha Gamma Delta. The second game was held Tuesday, March 6, at 4:30 o'clock with Phi Mu playing Alpha Delta Pi. The winner of these games will play Kappa Delta for the sorority championship, but the date is as yet unannounced.

—E. J.

EVENING COLLEGE NEWS

(Continued from page 8)

A new course in "What Every Homeowner Should Know" is being offered this semester. This course is designed for people who are going to buy, build, or re-model a home. Speakers who are experts in their fields will be brought in for this class. Classes will be held on planning, re-modeling, landscaping, kitchen planning, and interior decorating. The Curtiss Woodworking Company of Iowa is sending Mrs. Georgia

(Continued on page 20)

Browsing

Novel Of A Young Jewess

Wouk, Herman: *Marjorie Morningstar*, Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York: 1955. 565 pp. \$4.95.

Marjorie Morningstar is a book which has been eagerly awaited by the readers of Wouk's famous novel, *The Caine Mutiny*. Although the former is entirely different from the latter, it lives up to all expectations.

Marjorie Morgenstern is a young New York Jewess who wants to be an actress. When the book opens, Marjorie is a flighty young seventeen-year-old. In order to overcome what she considers the stigma of her Jewish background, she changes her name to Marjorie Morningstar. The novel follows her through various stages of her growth toward maturity. In the course of this growth she falls in love with a charming rake, Noel Airman. The main theme of the book is the progress of her love affair with him and the effects this love has on her. She gradually forsakes more and more of the old Jewish traditions under the influence of Noel and of the time in which she lives, the late 1930's. Marjorie finally realizes what she really wants from life; and we see her last as a contented mother and wife, much wiser and more conservative than she was in her youth.

In *Marjorie Morningstar* there is a message for all young people and parents alike. Although the story concerns a Jewish girl and Jewish ways of life, the situation can be applied to any young person of any religion. Mr. Wouk has a great deal of wise advice for the teenager who considers it necessary to renounce tradition and convention in order to be a member of the crowd. He also shows parents some of the forces that cause young people to rebel against family religion and custom and thereby helps to give them a better understanding of their children.

The author succeeds in giving a good picture of the modern Jewish people and their customs in this book. This subject is treated in a slightly different way here in that the characters are presented with understanding, but without pity, prejudice, or an over-sympathetic attitude. If for no other reason, *Marjorie*

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Worth Your While

GARY BRADY

The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit by Sloan Wilson relates the search for security by a veteran of World War II who had served in the paratroops. His mind continually goes back to those harrowing years during the war, and these flashbacks are the most interesting parts of the novel. Sloan Wilson's plot is a jumble of all sorts of situations, varying from boredom to intense interest. The parts of intense interest keep the reader at his task, for between the peaks of interest are depths of boredom. In the end the reader's desire is unsated because the most interesting points in the work are not fully developed to the reader's satisfaction. There is another serious flaw in Mr. Wilson's work; the characters are types and have absolutely no individuality. This book is of value, however, for its presentation of the problems faced by the veterans of wars who are never completely able to forget their experiences.

The revival of interest in the Civil War has produced many new works of merit, three of which we will consider briefly. *The Land They Fought For* is a non-fiction work by Clifford Dowdey, a Virginian who has written several noteworthy books on the Civil War, as well as numerous novels. This latest work by Mr. Dowdey deals mainly with the Southern people's attitude before and during the war. Extremely well written, this book is for the history student and layman as well. *Band of Angels* by Robert Penn Warren takes place in the Midwest during the bloody period preceding the Civil War. It is perhaps his best work thus far. *Andersonville* by McKinlay Kantor relates the life of a prisoner of war in the most notorious of Confederate prison camps, Andersonville in Georgia. This highly colored book has caused more controversy than any work in a long time, mainly because it once again seems to wave the bloody flag at the South.

Carl Shapiro's *The Sixth of June* is about the love affair between a married American officer and a young English girl. This is not a sordid novel, as one might think, but one of delicate beauty. The preparation for the invasion of

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Return From Degradation

Roth, Lillian, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, Popular Library, New York: 1954, pp. \$25.

I'll Cry Tomorrow, the biography of the once-famous Follies and screen star Lillian Roth, is the story of a child who too fast became a woman and a woman who became an alcoholic.

Pushed by her mother's vaulting ambitions for her, Lillian played bit parts at six, did dramatic interpretations at ten, and was a stage star at sixteen. Her mother's approval was Lillian's greatest incentive. Katie Roth was determined that Lillian be an actress of renown, having the prestige and wealth that went along with it. But one thing was forgotten in the process: the formation of a child into a mature, well-adjusted woman who could live with others as well as with herself.

Lillian's early home life was filled with bickering, arguments, and frequent fights between her parents. To this security at home were added anxiety and fear. Lillian was anxious to please Katie, to be accepted, successful, beautiful; conversely, she was afraid she would not be accepted and did not please. Thwarted at home, she turned to the outside world for security and to generous whimsical David, whom she loved because he wanted to make her happy rather than famous. Katie Roth's vehement disapproval of their plans to marry only added to Lillian's emotional dilemma.

David's death, before Lillian was twenty years old, was the hinge upon which she let the door of her future swing. She refused to forget him. After weeks of self-torturing thoughts and hysteria, a drink became the only way to a peaceful night. One drink followed another until Lillian drank almost incessantly. She was rising in fame, but she had yet to find security and happiness.

It was not love which led Lillian Roth to marry, but rather a desire to find a new life. Three months after David's death she became Mrs. William Richards. And three years later Lillian married the judge who helped her obtain a divorce from Willie. Judge E. Shalleck meant "home, and children and a warm family circle." To Lillian

at signified stability. But this was not be.

The drinking continued. Liquor bottles went secretly on the honeymoon. Attempting to hide her heavy drinking from her temperate husband, Lillian drank alone after parties, in the kitchen, behind the locked door of the bathroom. Drinking became a way to be uninhibited, carefree, and gay. It became an obsession. Time was intolerable without drinking; and eventually Lillian was intolerable. She lost her husband, her prestige, and her dreams; but there was no stopping. Lillian Roth had become an alcoholic.

Sixteen years and two marriages later Lillian was a friendless drunk on the verge of suicide. All remedies had failed. Alcohol was her only life—and her potential death.

With a blind hope, Lillian went to Alcoholics Anonymous, where people who understood her gave her the aid she needed to begin the wretched weeks of fighting back to normality. With AA's help, she sought to believe that people did not seek to hurt her and to dissolve the anger, resentment, and bitterness that led her to alcohol.

After a long, hard battle Lillian conquered herself and began the quest for acceptance from others. This came gradually, and with it came final marital happiness with an AA associate, Burt. Catholicism became the answer to Jewish Lillian's need in life, and she joined at faith with her husband. Together they professed a power greater than themselves and dedicated themselves to helping people with problems such as they had known.

By this inspiring thought the reader of *I'll Cry Tomorrow* may be encouraged. But somehow it is not the climax of the book; it is not the point of the story. One may still wonder why Lillian Roth wrote her story at all. In her "Note to the Reader" Lillian says, "I believe the very writing will help clarify myself in relation to the world about me. I think it will help reestablish my integrity in my own eyes . . ." This is perhaps Lillian Roth's main intention in writing her book. The heights to which she ascended, the "big names" whom she knew, the praise of the critics throughout her career—all these seem to clutter dramatically her otherwise simple story. They are, in fact, the props to an otherwise simple woman.

One may become bored with these retentive details or may not agree with Lillian Roth's own formula for living or "reliving"; but if the actual ex-

periences of a woman's degradation and her ultimate rally can help those who doubt that "one can come back," then Lillian Roth's story was well worth the writing.

—Libby Gunn

A Glimpse of Childhood

Gadden, Rumes: *An Episode of Sparrows*, Viking Press, New York: 1955, 247 pp., \$2.75.

"You are making a mountain out of a molehill," said Angela. Olivia was suddenly inspired to answer, "A molehill can be a mountain to a sparrow."

So reads the frontispiece of *An Episode of Sparrows* by Rumes Gadden. Part of this verbalizes the feelings of the reader. The author is making a mountain out of a molehill, or at least a novel out of a short story in writing the book; but the reader is willing to overlook this by virtue of the humor, compassion, and insight that comprise the matrix of the plot.

From a once fashionable but still impressive house in the square the two Misses Chesney view the inhabitants of the colorless slums of London. For the children of the street the women reserve the name *sparrows*. To Angela, the younger and more attractive of the women, the word signifies cheekiness and the commonplace, but to Olivia it conveys nothing of the commonplace, for to her all is important. Paradoxically enough, it is Angela who administers to them while Olivia does nothing.

The children of Catford Street, which is parallel to the square, are many; but Lovejoy Mason, Tip Malone, and Sparkey are the ones whose actions produce the episodes. Lovejoy, a sensitive girl who is much too young to be left alone, is deserted by her disreputable mother and left in the care of some restaurant owners. Because of her desire to see something beautiful and growing amid the asphalt and umbrages that form her environment and life, she convinces Tip, the neighborhood gang leader, and Sparky, his young disciple, to help her start a garden. But in order to do this they must find earth and a garden spot. The closed-off and forgotten part of a church graveyard supplies the latter with no difficulty, but the acquisition of the first involves a crime: the stealing of earth from the garden of the Misses Chesney. The young

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Rollicking Reading

Dennis, Patrick: *Auntie Mame*, Vanguard Press, Inc., New York: 1955, 280 pp., \$3.50.

Auntie Mame—or as the author Patrick Dennis calls it, "an irreverent escapade"—is without doubt one of the funniest stories about one of the most astonishing women to be found on the best-seller list. The author, moreover, is careful to conceal his identity. Neither Patrick nor Dennis form any part of his real name. Information on the book jacket reveals him as: "... married to a delightful young lady . . . has travelled far, has listened carefully, and has looked keenly . . . is also the author of several successful novels published during the past few years." The obscurity of Mr. Dennis' identity, however, does not keep *Auntie Mame* from being one hilarious adventure after another.

Writing after the fashion of the *Digest* article, "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met," Mr. Dennis finds certain parallels between a famous writer's Most Unforgettable Character and his very own Auntie Mame. The Unforgettable Character was a sweet New England spinster, living in a sweet little white clapboard house, and she opened her little green door one morning to find a sweet little baby boy inside a wicker basket instead of the *Hartford Courant*. The article continued to tell of the Unforgettable Character's brave efforts to raise the orphan as her own child. After putting down the *Digest* Mr. Dennis recalls the sweet little lady who raised him. And his adventures with Auntie Mame begin!

When his father died, Patrick at the age of ten was read the brief and original will; and Mr. Babcock, the trustee, was determined that the stipulations of the deceased would be religiously adhered to. Patrick would be reared a Protestant and would attend conservative schools. But Mame Dennis, of 3 Beckman Place, New York City, was Patrick's legal guardian. The elder Dennis had previously informed his son that Mame was a very peculiar woman and that to be left in her hands was a fate that he wouldn't wish a dog. But Auntie Mame was the boy's only living relative. And she set out with great zeal to raise her orphaned nephew.

Beginning with their first meeting he was instructed to keep a vocabulary pad "My dear, a rich vocabulary is the true hallmark of every intellectual per-

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Poetry . . .

CHARLESTON SCRAPBOOK

EMMIE ALEXANDER



I

Like a proud, imperious Dame she stands,
With the great green ocean at her feet.
Daintily lifting her skirts on the east
From the wharves and docks of trade,
And on the west from the beds of marsh,
She forgets her petticoat which trails
In the dirt of the slums to the north;
River to east, river to west,
And the ocean at her feet.

II

In the spring she wears a gown of flowers,
Azaleas pink and white and red;
Her head is crowned with misty clouds
Of fragrant, perfect dogwood blooms.
Forming the lacy trim of her gown
Are the iron gates and rails,
Entwined with wisteria, lavender-hued,
Which frame verandahs and entrance ways,
And hide back gardens from view.

III

Two hundred years of memories
Come to me like a misty shroud;
The summer, warm and silent now,
Was once a thick, with mold and rust.

Hushed moans and cries now echo through
The empty auction place;
Great oak trees, draped in mourner's dress
Of somber, solemn Spanish moss,
In peaceful churchyards stand.

IV

Amidst the changes of today
Her heart remains unchanged:
Black women, baskets on their heads,
Still cry out "Buy my flowers, ma'am?"
Shrimp vendors' sing-song melody
Of "Raw, raw shrimp!" can still be heard;
Proud families keep homes the way
They were two hundred years ago—
And Charleston is Charleston yet.

V

Belle of the South, city of charm,
She was, she is, will ever be;
Her children claim her as their own,
Her memories are theirs;
They breathe her salty, tangy air
And swell with love and pride;
And as they give their hearts to her,
She binds them with a web of charm
From which no one escapes.

NOTHING ON A DARK HILL

BUCK SPEARMAN

Standing, gazing, asking—
"Night, what art thou, night?"
Somewhere came the answer,
Somewhere brought reply.

"Nothing but daylight has passed, my child,
Nothing but lights have gone out," it said.

Gazing yet and asking—
"Sleep, what art thou, sleep?"
Sleep slept on but willed my
Knowledge into flight.

"Nothing but strength for the strong, my child,
Nothing but ease for a load," she said.

Standing still and asking—
"Death, what art thou death?"
Silence hushed the stillness.
Death slipped on his way.

"Nothing but warmth growing cold, my child,
Nothing but souls on to God," he said.

SURENESS OF SPRING

SYLVIA STUART

I found a daffodil today.
The golden bloom bobbed bravely
In chilly winter wind.
I knelt and brushed the leaves away
From 'round the gray-green spears
Which pierced the hardened earth.

At once my wintry spirit broke;
I felt that same fresh sureness.
And now I wait for cold bleak days
To pass and die by nature's rule,
Assured that spring is soon to come
Since one brave flower blooms.

THE LEVELING

BARBARA WATKINS KELCA

O little pine, if grow you could,
You'd tower with the giant redwood;
O little raindrops, if mingled all could be,
You'd rush and roar like the mighty sea;
O little wind, if you would whirl and blow,
You might become a giant tornado.
Then all the least would be the most,
And none, of all not one, could boast.

O mighty earth, though here you stand,
You might have been a grain of sand;
O mighty mountain, proud and still,
You began as just a hill;
O mighty man, so sure and gay,
You were once a piece of clay.
Hence all the mighty should be humble,
But then, O God, then all would grumble.

WAVES

CAROLINE McILWAIN

Like white-gloved hands
The waves creep upon the shore
With little fingers that caress the grains of sand;
Farther and farther the fingers glide,
Slower and slower they creep
Until they almost stop.
With one last effort they try to grasp the shore—
In vain,
For soon they lose their hold
And slowly slide back into the sea
Only to reach and stretch and try again
To grasp the shore.

ON FIRST CROSSING THE MASON DIXON LINE

EMMIE ALEXANDER

I don't understand a word you say,
Why can't you understand me?
Your brassy, twanging "Hey, you guys!"
Sounds silly as can be.

Your trees are bare and blackened,
And your skies are always gray.
Your temperature is much too low—
How do you *live* till May?

But even though the snow is cold,
It's pretty when it's bright
And shining just like silver
When the moon comes out at night.

And when you speak more slowly,
Your words are almost clear;
Your "Hey, you guys!" is not as bad
As "How're y'all," I fear.

So when you're heading South and want
A place to hang your hat,
Just let me know in time and I'll
Put out the welcome mat!

I'LL COME TO YOU

BUCK SPEARMAN

I'll come to you on the slightest breeze
That stirs the curtain there;
I'll come to you on the slightest wish
That escapes on the evening air;
I'll come to you, and touch your cheek,
I'll come, and away—aware
That you were only just disturbed
When the breeze stirred the curtain there.



WORTH YOUR WHILE

(Continued from page 14)

France is the background theme of the novel. Mr. Shipiro's characters come to life remarkably well; they are not mere types but are definite individuals. As the title suggests, this tender love story reaches its climax with the Allied invasion of France. Of particular interest to Americans is the skillful way Mr. Shipiro shows how the British were dismayed by the conduct and attitudes of the Americans. The reserved British were never captivated by the vibrant Americans.

Shadows in Silver by A. L. Kocker and Howard Deanstye deals with the life and works of George and Eustus Cook. These two photographers were the foremost of their profession in the South before and after the Civil War. Since most of their pre-war and war photographs were destroyed when Columbia was burned, *Shadows in Silver* pictures Virginia from 1850-1890. The text is limited to the barest essentials, and the book is filled with many beautiful and extremely sensitive photographs. This is not simply a historical

book but pictures the life of the people from the most wealthy to the poorest Negro. When one looks at these wonderful photographs, he is constantly amazed at the beauty and clarity of these prints made during the infancy of photography.

As usual the Burns-Mantle edition of *The Best Plays of 1954-1955* has the best in condensed versions of last season's top Broadway hits. Louis Kronenberger does his usual skillful job as editor, criticizing adeptly the season as a whole. Among the plays considered in the current edition are: *Inherit the Wind*, dealing with the famous Tennessee "monkey" trial at the beginning of this century; *The Bad Seed*, a suspenseful drama of a little child suspected of murder; *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*, telling of a marriage about to go on the rocks; *The Desperate Hours*, the stage version of a novel about a family held captive by escaped convicts. In these days when through the media of motion pictures and television the best of drama comes to the smallest town, the interested read-

er can quickly become acquainted with what to look forward to in the way of dramatic entertainment by reading *The Best Plays of 1954-1955*.

FOUND

BARBARA KELCA

But why
Should I
Not die?
In pain
I fain
Remain.
Dark day . . .
What way . . . ?
Some say
The right
Is light
And sight,
But left
Is deft
In theft.
I choose
Then use,
Not lose,
My mind
To bind
Mankind!

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Letter To Miss Albright



Editorial Note: Many strange and unusual invitations come to the desk of the Dean of Students. Perhaps the most interesting is the following which students, faculty, and staff can appreciate in all of its implications.

Dear Miss Albright:

This is to invite you to a small, select gathering to be held in the parlors of Burwell Hall on the evening of February 30 at 8 o'clock. Be half-an-hour late if you like; nobody will care.

There will be nobody to meet you at the front door, and there will be no receiving line. Please come quietly to the North Parlor and join the other guests in the circle. We will just sit quietly, concentrate, and hate receptions for half-an-hour.

Then guests will go into the Middle or Equatorial Parlor where refreshments will not be served. A tea table will be set up with no epergne, no flowers, no silver service, no nuts or nuts, and—as is usually the case here—no tea. You will be served a glass plate and an empty punch cup which you may smash by hurling them against the andirons in the fireplace. If you have attended as many as twenty-five receptions, you will receive a second, or bonus, cup and plate which may be thrown through the back window.

If you like, you may return to North Parlor and chip a souvenir fragment from the majolica monstrosity.

There will be nobody at the door to farewell you; so there will be no necessity to pretend you had a good time. In fact, you may leave your party face at home.

If at any time you feel a ghostly zephyr or smell ectoplasm, you will guess who your hostess is. After all, you will be able to leave when the party is over, but I just have to hang here on the wall of North Parlor and take it. The number of receptions I have attended—not to mention coffees—should not happen to a dog, a dean, or a lady principal. Occasionally I chuckle a little when I hear, on the other side of the mirror, Jerry (Dr. Jernigan) quoting himself, "Ain't we elegant!"

See you on the 30th, I hope; dress is optional. I shall be wearing my old black silk. Really I have worn it for so long that everybody recognizes me by it.

Yours in the spirit of Queens,
WIFE, MOTHER, EDUCATOR

P. S. Please keep this party confidential. If a lot of people hear about it, they'll come, and we'll have another . . . guess what?

EDITOR'S COMMENT:

Miss Albright tells us that the party was most relaxing. She did not discuss the guest list; but on the morning of February 31, we noticed that a glass cup was hanging from Diana's bow.

ALUMNAE CANDY BRIGADE

The "Candy Brigade" planned to earn \$5,000 before March 14. This is the date of Back-To-College Day, which is an annual event for the alumnae of Queens College. The event was especially significant this year, however, for the members of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Alumnae Chapter planned to have \$5,000 earned before that date. This money will be used for scholarship purposes.

Hundreds of pounds of ribbon candy were sold with military-like strategy. Sixty teams of ten alumnae each were organized, and each team was headed by a lieutenant. In turn twelve captains were appointed, each of whom had five lieutenants working with her. Thus the military organization marched on the city with its 14,400 boxes of candy.

The campaign began on the college campus on February 1 when a truckload of "the world's thinnest candy" was delivered. Team captains placed throughout the city 600 posters and handbills announcing the project. Members of the alumnae chapter also appeared on television to publicize the sale.

Luncheons were given for the team captains during the campaigns. The donor of these luncheons wished to remain anonymous, but his benefactor "picked up the check" so no costs had to be taken for overhead expenses from the funds collected. At these luncheons the team captains reported the progress being made on the sale.

Continued on page 26

NOVEL OF A YOUNG JEWESS

(Continued from page 14)

Morningstar stands out for this unique presentation. The majority of the characters are Jews. This fact, however, is handled in such a way that the situation does not seem to be unrealistic. Wouk intersperses descriptions of various Jewish celebrations and ceremonies throughout the novel and inadvertently gives us an enlightening glimpse of intensely interesting customs.

For the most part Wouk's character portrayal is excellent. One becomes intrigued by Marjorie's struggles with life, and experiences her triumphs and hardships. He learns to love each member of Marjorie's family—the protective mother who worries constantly about her daughter's ability to make a way for herself in the world; the kind-hearted father who works unceasingly to give his children everything they want; and Seth, the younger brother whom we first see as an uncertain adolescent and whom we watch grow into a brave, determined young man willing to die for his country. The characterization of Noel is su-

perb. We know him as a shiftless, lazy rake; but we also feel that with Marjorie's guidance he might become a respectable citizen. Of all Marjorie's colorful relatives, Samson-Aaron, the Uncle, is the most unique. The kind-hearted old man, who could never occupy a place of prestige in the family circle but who was the favorite of all the children, brings the reader memories of similar childhood preferences.

Many times the book seems long to the point of tediousness. There is a great deal of excess conversation in several places, and quite a few of the passages and incidents could well have been omitted. One of these is the last chapter. To relate the outcome of each character's life makes the end an anti-climax. It is almost as if Wouk added this chapter as an afterthought. The book would have had a much more impressive ending if the last chapter had not been included.

Wouk's failure to give his opinion on certain happenings is another weakness. In a situation where the morality is questionable it is hard to tell whether the author disapproves of or sanctions

the conduct. His beliefs on many subjects are left to implication. This trait, however, has good points as well as bad. Lack of stated opinion gives the reader much more freedom in interpretation and enables him to draw his own conclusions more freely.

Despite its weaknesses, *Marjorie Morningstar* is a novel which will appeal to Americans. It is valuable and interesting for its understanding treatment of the Jewish people and for its view of the need for religion and tradition in our modern age.

—Sarah Ann Smith

EVENING COLLEGE NEWS

(Continued from page 13)

Tonelli to Queens to lead a class in kitchen planning. Mr. Shaw, head of the Evening College, invites any Queens girl to sit in on any of these classes free of charge. The class meets on Monday evening in Stultz auditorium.

The total enrollment for the Evening College for the year will be approximately 700. The Evening College is run on the same basis as any other college.

—M. C.



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THE DUMMY

MARY ANN DOVER



Jonathan McCall, manager of the Strand Theater, came out of his office, mopping his brow with a crumpled handkerchief. The stub of an unlit cigar was in one corner of his mouth; his belt appeared to be having difficulty holding his pants below his protruding stomach.

"Hottest day I ever saw, King!" he exclaimed to the short, tightly built man standing before him in the lobby. The man's name was Kingsley Moser, and the townspeople called him King—except for a few jokers who called him "Dummy" and then nudged each other and laughed. Twenty

years ago when King was only eight, spinal meningitis had caused him to lose his power of speech. Completely undaunted he had continued to go to school until he had finished the seventh grade. Then it became necessary for him to quit school and find a job. He supported himself and his crippled mother by working as janitor at the one respectable movie theater in the small town of Pineville. Although a comparatively uneducated man, he was a gentle and sensitive person who understood human nature remarkably well. Some of the townspeople, especially the younger ones, were a little afraid of King. He realized that they were afraid of him because he was different, because he couldn't speak and they could. Sometimes King would have sacrificed his sight or his hearing or anything to be able to talk, but usually he was contented with being just a dummy.

"Got the lobby swept out?" McCall asked, maneuvering the cigar to the other corner of his mouth.

King nodded.

"You know, King," McCall said, taking the cigar out of his mouth and holding it between two fat, stubby fingers, "I've been thinking. I believe we need some air conditioning in this place. Think I'll investigate about it next week. Sure is hot." He mopped the back of his neck. "Many people in the show this afternoon?" he asked.

King shook his head.

"Didn't think there would be. Ain't a bit cooler in here than it is out there," McCall nodded toward the street. "But they'll be here tonight. Always got a full house at night." He looked at the clock. "Afternoon feature'll soon be over. Then you can sweep out the auditorium."

McCall went outside and stood on the sidewalk. King looked at the clock. The customers would soon be coming out, and King decided to watch for them. He busied himself with sweeping around the candy counter. In a few minutes the doors opened and a handful of people strolled out.

One young man—a tall, skinny fellow with a face full of self-satisfaction—was saying to the girl beside him: "If I'd been directing that picture I'd have left that last scene out. It wasn't worth a hoot. Ain't that right, Dummy?" he said, slapping King on the shoulder.

King smiled, not at the man but at the girl. She was Heidi Fisher, and her father was the president of the Pineville bank. The man with her was Jeff Melton, one of the bank tellers and about the only person in the world whom King disliked. King knew that there were two things which Jeff wanted above all else—money and Heidi, and he could get both by marrying Heidi, who was an only child. King also knew that Jeff had taken the job at the bank in order to gain prominence in the eyes of the Fisher family. Eventually Jeff would marry Heidi, and that made King dislike him even more. King loved Heidi himself.

King realized that his love was hopeless, and he had sworn to himself that no one would ever know that he loved Heidi. His only satisfaction came from watching her walk down the street and seeing her when she came to the theater.

With a little sigh King turned to go sweep the auditorium when his sharp ears picked up a faint clinking sound. Heidi

and Jeff had just gone through the lobby door, and on the threshold lay a small gold bracelet. King realized that it must belong to Heidi. Quickly he laid his broom aside and went to pick up the bracelet. Instinctively he held it out, then realized with a sense of irritation that he couldn't call out, "Here, you dropped this." He started to run and catch up with the couple, but they had already reached the sidewalk and turned up the street. King looked at the bracelet. Heidi's name was engraved on the small band. King noticed that the safety catch was broken.

"That's why she lost it," he thought. "The catch broke, and it slipped off her arm."

Holding the bracelet, King felt a warm glow, a kind of closeness to Heidi. He looked at it and smiled. If he kept the bracelet, it would be like having a part of her with him. But he sighed and the smile faded. Before long Heidi would discover her loss and the theater would probably be the first place she'd come to in search of the bracelet. It wasn't this thought alone which told King that he couldn't keep Heidi's bracelet. Honesty was an inherent part of his simple and kind nature.

Almost reluctantly he slid the bracelet into his pocket. He would keep it until the next time Heidi came to the theater; then he could give it back to her. He knew that she would come again before the week was over, because she and Jeff came every time the feature changed, since there was little else to do for entertainment in Pineville.

That night after the usual supper of beans and potatoes, King took the bracelet out of his pocket. He looked at it for a few minutes; then he decided to repair it. Heidi wouldn't want it to be broken when she got it back. She might not wear it any more if it were broken, and King wanted her to

wear it. He wanted her to wear this particular bracelet again because he had kept it for her. Smiling because he was pleased to be doing something for her, King took a pair of pliers and an ice pick and, seating himself at the kitchen table, began his work on the bracelet. His mother hobbled over to the table and sat down beside him.

"What are you fixing, Kingsley?" she asked.

He held up the bracelet for her to see.

"Whose is it?"

He showed her the name engraved on the band.

"'Heidi Fisher,'" she read. "Is she still going with that Melton feller?"

King nodded, his face clouding at the mention of Jeff Melton's name. Mrs. Moser leaned forward and placed her gnarled hand on her son's knee. She spoke very softly.

"You love Heidi, don't you, Kingsley?"

The question surprised King. He stopped his work and looked up, but he could not look his mother in the eye. She had guessed the only secret he had ever kept from her. He stared at a hole in her shawl and slowly nodded; then he returned his attention to his work.

Mrs. Moser looked at him for a minute as if wanting to say things for which she couldn't find words. She patted him on the knee, and all she said was, "You're a good boy, Kingsley. You've always been a good boy."

Two days later when the feature changed King stood in the lobby of the theater and watched the afternoon customers come in. Heidi and Jeff weren't among them. That evening he again stationed himself in the lobby, but once more he was disappointed. Then, just as he was starting to go home, he saw them coming a few minutes after the picture had begun.

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"That's good," he thought. "They're coming in late, so they'll have to come out late." That pleased King, because Heidi and Jeff didn't come out with the crowd, he wouldn't have to give her the bracelet in the presence of the other customers.

King busied himself with little odd jobs that didn't need going, slipping his hand into his pocket occasionally to make sure the bracelet was still there. A few minutes after the second showing started, King sat down on the bench beside the water fountain, hoping that Jeff and Heidi would come over for a drink of water. When the door to the auditorium opened, King glanced in that direction only long enough to make sure that it was Heidi and Jeff who came out. Then he looked away and hoped. Instead of coming over to the fountain they stopped in the middle of the lobby. King heard Jeff say, "There's not a thing wrong with your hair."

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"But if we're going over to Aunt Helen's, I've got to look just right. You know how critical she is. I'll only be a minute," Heidi said, and went up the stairs.

Jeff waited a few minutes in the lobby, then strolled outside and lit a cigarette. An uneasiness crept over King. When Heidi came downstairs, there would be just the two of them in the lobby. Remembering that many of the people of Pineville were a little wary of him because of his infirmity and fearing that Heidi might hold such feelings herself, King became disturbed with the thought that she might think him forward when he tried to give the bracelet to her. He thought about giving it to Jeff and letting Jeff give it to her, but he soon dismissed that idea because of his dislike for Jeff. He was still wondering what he would do when he saw Heidi start downstairs.

A little timidly King started toward the staircase. Heidi was almost to the bottom step before she saw him standing at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh," she said, stopping abruptly.

King smiled and held the bracelet out to her. She backed up a step.

"My bracelet!" she exclaimed in surprise. Then her tone changed. "Where did you get that?"

King pointed toward the floor at the lobby door.

"When did you find it?" she demanded.

Puzzled over how he could answer her question, King stared at her, frowning slightly, not knowing how to express himself. Heidi grew uneasy under his gaze and glancing quickly around the lobby saw to her dismay that the two of them were alone.

(Continued on page 27)



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ROLICKING READING

(Continued from page 15)

son. Here now, every time I say a word, or you hear a word, that you don't understand, you write it down and I'll tell you what it means." Soon Patrick was familiar with such random terms as: Bastille Day, Lesbian, Hotsy-Totsy Club, Id, daiquiri, Oedipus complex, and psychoneurotic. Despite the cautiousness of Mr. Babcock, Mame transferred Dennis from the conservative Buckley school to Ralph Devine's revolutionary institute. As Mame said, Ralph was "... an extremely learned man. He knows Freud backwards and forwards, in fact he knows Freud personally, and he has this idea of education that is generations ahead of Froebel and Montessori." The school, unfortunately, was so many generations ahead that it was raided by the police; and Dennis was hastily sent to St. Boniface Academy by an enraged Mr. Babcock.

But St. Boniface Academy did not daunt Auntie Mame. She and Dennis lived riotously from Maine to Georgia. They battled a depression as no other pair battled a depression. They shocked the deep South and rocked the North. Neither Princeton, nor Macy's, nor Park Avenue, nor the D.A.R., nor the May-

flower Descendants were spared. And Patrick Dennis has written of their escapades in such a warm and casual manner that Richard Blakesley of *The Chicago Tribune* wrote: "Here it is—the funniest story about the most unforgettable character you'll ever run across . . . If you want a good laugh, *Auntie Mame* is the surest bet in the bookstores today." Mr. Blakesley's remarks are not overstatements. *Auntie Mame* is gay, rollicking, pleasure reading.

—Margaret Dick

A GLIMPSE OF CHILDHOOD

(Continued from page 15)

thieves are apprehended to Olivia's dismay, and she tries to stop her sister from pressing charges. And this effort receives the reply quoted in the frontispiece that she is making a mountain out of a molehill. By this the elder Miss Chesney is stimulated to act. Her interest in the children causes her to change from the passive creature that she has been to a woman with the courage to defy her dominating sister.

The actual appeal of the book lies in the fact that it supports the belief that children are pure, honest, and good. It

is not surprising that the author concludes his idealistic novel with a fair-tale ending; it is rather surprising that he strays no further from reality.

This is not a profound psychological study, but it is a revealing glance backward to childhood and a glimpse into the minds of children about us.

—Sharlene Morrison

Anipesk

BUCK SPEARMAN

This poem is written
To cheer those who're smitten.
Don't be blue;

The phrase adjectival
Is certainly liable
To trip you.

Its usefulness thickens
To make it the dickens
To see through.

Grammarians "case" it;
Most freshmen misplace it.
And me, too.

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REPRIEVE

SARAH ANN SMITH



The courtroom was oddly still. Bernie and his parents waited breathlessly for the verdict. He was extremely young to be in such a predicament—not over twenty-one. His eyes were of a fiery blue that could become steel gray when he was angry or determined to persist in the course upon which he had decided. They were surrounded by thick black lashes which curled in a way that made girls envy him when they noticed them. His tanned face was topped by an unruly lock of jet black hair which hung in his eyes most of the time. Stubbornness was evident in every line of his body. He had grown up in one of the poorer districts of the sort town set in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He belonged to the peculiar type, produced only by that region, which seemed to be but a generation away from the rugged pioneer who had won the land from the Indians and from nature. His parents were hard-working folk who tried to give their children complete love and understanding to make up for lack of material things. His mother, especially, was deeply religious. He thought of all these things now, as he had done many times during the past few months; and he knew that he was here because of his own nature, not through any fault of theirs.

His mind drifted back to that fatal night, many weeks before, and to the pool room where all this had started. He had been standing at the table watching the others play, not taking part himself. About an hour after he had arrived two men had walked in. One was a tall, husky-looking fellow of about thirty; the other was shorter and appeared to be older. The boy watched them curiously as they stood talking. The older man seemed scared and kept glancing nervously around him, while the big one carried on most of the conversation. The boy felt an inexplicable urge to hear what was being said, and he gradually moved within earshot. He wondered why he did so even in the midst of the

act, for he was not given to eavesdropping for the sake of curiosity. From snatches of the conversation he gathered that the little man had done something for which he was being blackmailed. He evidently refused to pay the money, and the younger fellow was threatening him. Bernie immediately jumped to the conclusion that the old man was being done an injustice. Then his freedom-loving soul rebelled at the thought that anyone should be under someone else's power. It followed quite naturally, therefore, that, when the husky one hit the little man, the boy stepped in and downed him with one hard blow on the chin. By this time the crowd had become excited and the police were attracted by the noise. Sometime during the confusion the one to whose rescue Bernie had come left. And eventually, someone had decided to see about the man on the floor. Upon examination he was found to be dead. Bernie was taken down to the jail as a murder suspect. The autopsy report recorded cause of death as a broken neck. The pool room attendants testified that the boy appeared angry when he hit the man, and the charge was first-degree murder. No one saw the story from Bernie's point of view, and the one person who could have saved him had disappeared completely.

He remembered how heartbroken his parents had been when they first came to see him. At least they believed his story, but they could not understand what had led him to become involved in the first place. There was conflict within his own mind over this also. Perhaps he had hit the man in anger. He knew this to be so, and yet at the time it had seemed to him to be righteous anger. Now it appeared to be the result of a personality that was overly sensitive to bondage of any kind. The whole thing seemed useless in retrospect. The person whom he had wanted to help evidently had no intention of acknowledging him in any way. Of course, he had not really meant to kill the man, but it

was too late to think about that now. He really did not feel sorry for his deed, and he knew that if he had to repeat the incident, he would act in the same way.

At the trial the prosecution lawyer seemed to be twisting all the evidence to appear the way he wanted it. Bernie's lawyer really tried to show the jury his side of it, and at times the boy felt that it was all going to turn out all right. Surely the people would see that he was not just a common murderer. Yet he kept having a strange feeling of the uselessness of the thing, a feeling which he tried to dispel. His parents had no misgivings. They were confident that he would be found innocent of intentional murder. Even when the newspapers took the other side their faith remained unshaken.

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by the rapping of the judge's gavel. The jury was now seated, and the foreman was waiting to hand the slip of paper to the judge. Bernie glanced at his mother. She smiled serenely at him, and in that moment all the things she had suffered for him ran through his mind in a stream of sadness and gratitude. His confidence soared, and for the first time during the trial there was no doubt in his mind concerning the outcome. He knew that his story would be believed. The foreman passed the fatal piece of paper to the judge. The verdict was pronounced—guilty.

The boy felt as if a whirlpool were mercilessly pulling him under. For several minutes he was aware of nothing around him. Then he felt his mother's arms and heard her sobbing. Vainly he tried to think of something that would comfort her, but no words came to his mind. There was a stir in the courtroom now. Photographers' flashbulbs were popping all around him. At least, he thought they could

have the decency to leave him alone. Through the veil of despair he heard his mother murmuring something about a reprieve. But in his heart he knew there would be no reprieve.

ALUMNAE CANDY BRIGADE

(Continued from page 19)

The first luncheon was held at the Barringer Hotel, February 6. George W. Dowdy, a member of the Queen's Board of Trustees, was the guest speaker. He praised the members of the alumnae chapter and wished them success in their project.

—E.

AL GOODMAN

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DUMMY

(Continued from page 23)

"When did you find it?" she repeated, her voice becoming agitated.

King held up two fingers, hoping she would realize that he meant two days ago.

"Do you—do you mean at two o'clock?" she asked helplessly.

He shook his head.

"Give it to me," she said.

King, smiling again, took a step toward her, once more extending his right hand with the bracelet in it. She reached for it, then suddenly withdrew her hand as he came nearer. He stepped back up another step.

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"No!" she exclaimed. "Don't come any—please—lay the bracelet on—" she stopped bewildered.

King wanted desperately to say, "Please don't be afraid of me. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to give you your bracelet. I fixed it for you." But he could say nothing. There was no way he could make her understand. He wished fervently that she wouldn't be afraid of him. Of all the people in the world, Heidi was the last he would ever want to hurt.

"Give it to me," she snapped.

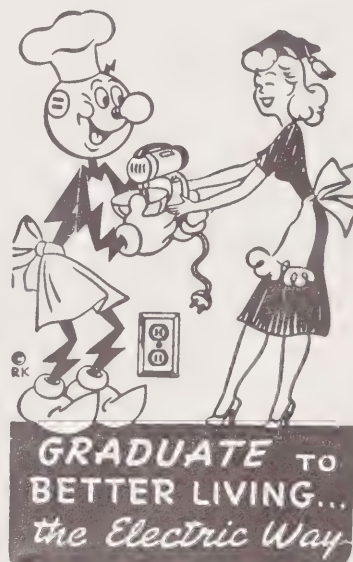
When she held out her hand again, King saw that it was trembling. He looked at her face. Her eyes were wide with apprehension, and they shone with tears that were ready to come forth at a moment's notice.

"It's my fault," King told himself. "It's all my fault that she's scared. Heidi, I don't want to hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you for the world. Can't you see that?" he thought. He was ashamed that he couldn't talk and was different. "If I could just talk, she wouldn't be afraid," he thought. Even though he knew it was useless, he tried to form words to explain to her about the bracelet. He couldn't make a sound. He looked at her intently, his eyes pleading with her not to be afraid, but she mistook their pleading. She clenched her trembling hand into a fist that trembled even more. King, overcome by a desire to comfort her and to make her understand, reached out his left hand and very gently took her fist into it. So suddenly that it startled him, she screamed.

"Turn me loose! Please turn me loose!" she screamed.

King quickly dropped her hand. In a frustrated attempt to step backwards, Heidi stumbled and fell.

"Get away from me!" she cried, the tears running down



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her cheeks. King could only stare at her amazed and dumfounded.

Jeff Melton ran into the lobby, summoned by Heidi's screams. He saw Heidi sprawled on the stairs and King standing over her.

"What are you doing to her, you damn' dummy?"

His fist caught King on the chin and sent him reeling toward the wall. Heidi screamed again. Disturbed by the commotion, Jonathan McCall bounded from his office as Jeff was helping Heidi to her feet and asking if she was hurt.

"What's going on out here?" McCall demanded, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Dummy here tried to get fresh with Heidi," Jeff told him.

"No," Heidi said. "No, he was—"

"King!" McCall exploded, paying no attention to Heidi's protests. "Why, you no good—" Then remembering his manners, he turned to Heidi. "Are you all right, Miss Fisher?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Just a little shaken. I'll be all right," she sniffed.

"Come on. We're going," Jeff said.

"I'm mighty sorry this happened, Miss Fisher," McCall said. "If there's anything I can do to make up—"

"No, there's nothing. It's all right. I'm fine," Heidi said.

"There's one thing you'll do if you're smart," Jeff snarled over his shoulder as he ushered Heidi out the door. "Get rid of that dummy."

Jonathan McCall grabbed King's shirt with one of his hands. "You low-down, rotten, good-for-nothing—. You su

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d me fooled. I thought you was as harmless as a flea. u ain't even got sense enough to pick on one of the other ls in town. No, you gotta pick on Heidi Fisher, old man ebster Fisher's daughter, the decentest girl in town. And the lobby of a public theater, too!" He shook King rough-

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ly, then released his hold on the shirt. "Get out," he said. "I don't need you around here any more."

King started slowly toward the door. His eye caught the gleam of a bright object on the floor near the wall. It was Heidi's bracelet, lying where it had fallen when Jeff hit him. This time King let it stay there.

SPANISH CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Spanish Club had its first meeting of the new year at the home of Miss Schickedantz on the night of January 9. At this time Frances Ramsey and Mary Moore Mason told the group about their pre-Christmas visit to a Davidson Spanish Club meeting where various Christmas stories well-known to American readers were read in Spanish and where a pinata was broken. After a short business meeting that dealt primarily with plans for the Davidson-Queens Spanish Club party, Mexican hot chocolate and Spanish-American cookies were served. The rest of the evening was spent listening to the music of Manuel de Falla, a modern Spanish composer.

The first meeting of the new semester was held the evening of February 7 in Stultz. The Davidson Spanish Club was invited to the meeting as were the members of the Spanish 102 class who are now eligible for membership in the Queens group. The program was one of music and dances. "La Estrallita" was sung by Cornelia Reviere, Lola Mae Prather, Sylvia White, and Margaret Wilkes. "The Life and Music of Ponce" was given by Patsy Smith. Nancy Campbell spoke on the history of the Spanish dance, and Juliana

(Continued on page 30)

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HOSPITALITY WEEK-END

Hospitality Week-end was held on the Queens College campus February 24-26 for approximately sixty-five high school seniors representing sixteen states. Varied entertainment for the girls was planned by all the school organizations. The hostesses for the guests were from the four classes, and the day students provided transportation. Sylvia Stuart, editor of the *Blue Quill*, was in charge of publicity.

The girls registered Friday afternoon, February 24, in Burwell Hall. Boarding Student Council was in charge of the registration. Dinner was then served and Panhellenic Council provided after-dinner coffee. The sophomore class sponsored a faculty-student basketball game which was held Friday night in the gym.

Saturday the Queens Christian Association gave a devotional program in Belk Chapel after breakfast and the visitors attended classes with the Queens students and had conferences with faculty members concerning their fields

of interest. After lunch the Recreation Association was in charge of a recreational swimming period. The rest of the afternoon was left free for tours of the campus and downtown Charlotte. That evening after dinner, the class presidents—Jerry Hoke, Mary Lynn Gregg, Evelyn Copelan, and Mildred Plonk—were in charge of an informal dance. The theme of the dance was "Sadie Hawkins," and the girl-boy idea was carried out. Davidson College was invited and Bob Martin, chairman of the social committee of the Y.M.C.A. at Davidson, helped with plans for the dance. The week-end was brought to a close Sunday after church and dinner.

—F.

SPANISH CLUB ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 29)

Hawkins and Harriet Brown, dressed in Spanish costume, demonstrated the tango, samba, cha-cha, and mambo. After group singing led by Miss Schickedantz, the program was concluded. Refreshments were then served followed by a social hour.

The Spanish Club held its next meeting on the first Monday in March. A program with the theme *A Trip to Mexico* was presented at this meeting.

—M. M. M.

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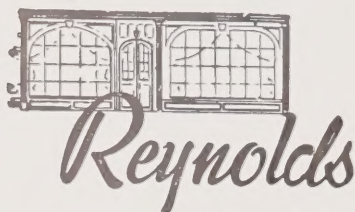
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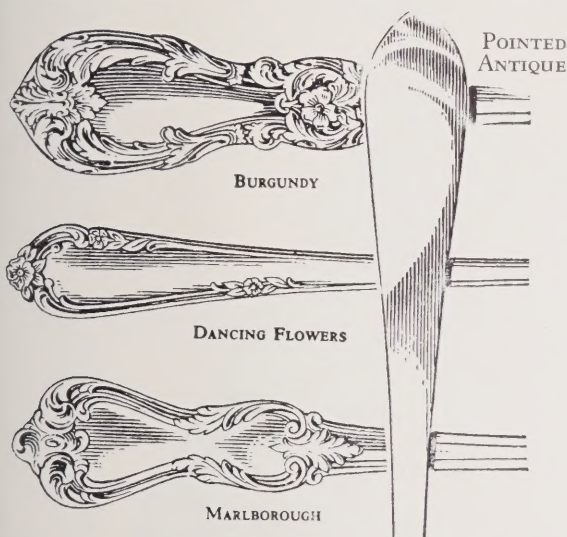
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